

THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER

Founded August 1, 1860.

126 North Main Street ANDERSON, S. C.

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Entered According to Act of Congress as Second Class Mail Matter at the Postoffice at Anderson, S. C.

Member of Associated Press and Receiving Complete Daily Telegraphic Service.

Semi-Weekly Edition—\$1.50 per Year. Daily Edition—\$5.00 per annum; \$2.50 for Six Months; \$1.25 for Three Months.

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A larger circulation than any other newspaper in this Congressional District.

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The Intelligencer is delivered by carriers in the city. If you fail to get your paper regularly please notify us. Opposite your name on label of your paper is printed date to which your paper is paid. All checks and drafts should be drawn to The Anderson Intelligencer.

The Weather.

Washington, July 13.—Forecast: South Carolina—Local thunder showers Tuesday; Wednesday probably fair.

Enroll.

Enroll today.

Enroll your full name.

The middle man is the one to knock out.

Which is more profitable, tobacco or cotton?

Every dog has his day and every cat his night.

Some men are complete failures—in spending money.

Success comes to some men in spite of themselves.

Some men do not aspire to office, they perspire for it.

"All men are born equal"—and right there the equation stops.

Eat plain food and keep well, keep well and save money.

If there isn't some good in everyone, what is he here for?

Gifts are appreciated until they are presented by the grand jury.

A bright man never puts smut into a story to show that he is witty.

The bright side of the mirror is the side for the woman to look on.

Huerta's leaving Mexico city is not a sequence of any of today's treatys.

A fairy tale—once upon a time automobiles passed slowly through the city.

Supper a la cart—buying a hot sausage from the street corner wagon at night.

We offer a reward of \$10 for the first man who is denied his right to enroll.

Those Irishmen are the fussy things on the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne.

The man who tries to drown his sorrow just winds up with a swimming in his head.

Even the commonest loafer can whistle the latest tunes. That is no sign of travel.

Anderson is the natural distributing point for the big truck garden of the mountain plateau.

Sir Thomas Lipton will have to have a dentist to manage his shamrock IV in the teeth of a gale.

If you can't find your club secretary when you wish to enroll, inform this paper, and we will publish the fact.

Hunting four leaf clovers is all right, but it doesn't hoe much corn. Luck is not as profitable as hard licks.

The candidates for the United States senate speak in Abbeville today. That is the native county of John C. Calhoun, who once filled the place they seek.

We hope there will be a big crowd here for the speaking Wednesday and that every candidate will be treated well. Give Anderson a name for treating candidates properly.

Transmontane Gratification

Jules Verne wrote a whole book on the subject "Around the World in Eight Days." But he didn't write the book in eight days. And he didn't try to make a trip into the Blue Ridge Mountains in even one day. The party which went from Anderson to Walhalla Monday morning on the "gratification trip," saw many things that many of the members feel that they had almost been around the world, and it would require many days to tell of it.

And soon as it was announced by Capt. Jno. R. Anderson, superintendent of the Blue Ridge Railway, that his road would operate the gas-electric train and give Anderson two additional trains west of this city, the people along the line were so much pleased that the Anderson Chamber of Commerce decided to have a "gratification trip." It is a matter of regret that many who had intended to go were prevented by the sorrow which came upon the city Sunday, but there were more than a score of business men from this city and the delegation was increased at Pendleton, Sandy Springs, Autauga, Denver and Seneca, and others came through the country from Westminster. When the train leaving Anderson at 7:20 arrived at Walhalla there were between 40 and 50 visitors aboard.

It was indeed an "Anderson" train. At the throttle was that veteran driver of the fussy gas-electric—Holcombe Anderson, and the ticket taker was that prince of railroad men, Capt. W. "Jule" Anderson. And just for good measure Capt. Jno. R. Anderson, the superintendent of the road, made one of the "boosters." Arriving at Walhalla, the party was met by in a truly hospitable manner by the citizens of that staunch old community, and after a few minutes of handshaking and becoming acquainted, the party was soon put aboard for a transmontane ride. For the day was being celebrated as much as a compliment to the people of Walhalla for building a "speedway" over the mountains as it was on account of the action of the officials of the Blue Ridge and the Southern Railway in putting on the gas-electric train.

That trip was a revelation to every visitor who had been given the opportunity to see what Walhalla has been doing in the way of road building. The reporter for The Intelligencer was taken aboard a Chalmers by Col. R. T. Jaynes, and in 23 minutes after leaving the hotel, the car had passed the home of Mr. Fincher on the top of Stump House Mountain. The road was as smooth as Anderson's much boasted Williamston highway. From there to Mountain rest, the home of Albert Brown, the superintendent of construction of this mountain highway, the trip was made in very fast time, with the exception of one short stretch of a quarter of a mile where the force is now at work widening and grading the road, and this will be completed by the end of the week. The time from Walhalla to Mr. Brown's was made in 45 minutes, 12 miles. This car did not stop at Russell's but went on a mile further to Whitmire's in Rabun county, Georgia, and the stretch from Albert Brown's was made in 22 minutes, or 18 minutes to Russell's. It requires just exactly five minutes to climb Callas Mountain on the way. In other words the running time from Walhalla to Russell's was less than an hour and a quarter, whereas before this road work was done it required half a day. That is a great achievement.

Col. Jaynes, who promotes this highway, and Albert Brown, who supervised the heavy construction work on Callas mountain, are justly proud of what has been done. The sturdy citizens of Walhalla gave \$1,000 for the work and the mountaineers made it about \$5,000 in actual value.

Mr. Brown said that he could hardly believe what had been accomplished, when he considers the condition of the road one year ago compared with its present splendid condition. The road is built upon a survey made by I. W. Harrison and W. C. Hughes of Walhalla who spent two weeks upon it last summer. The road over Stump House Mountain was surveyed some 15 years ago by Col. Jno. V. Stribling and needed very little alterations. Supervisor Foster of Oconee county has given valuable assistance to this project and has done a great deal to make the highway possible. This is only a part of his work, however, for he has improved all of the roads of Oconee county.

Albert Brown was in charge of the construction of the road from Stump House Mountain to Russell's and Albert Whitmire built the road from there to the State line, a distance of a mile. This is a beautiful piece of work. There remains a stretch of about eight miles to be completed to Highlands. This is all within the State of Georgia, for the road from Highlands to the Georgia line on the other lines has been completed by

Transylvania county, North Carolina. The three states corner right here, and the road cuts off a corner of Rabun county, Georgia, a rough and rugged piece of travel. This must be completed in order to make the whole road a success. For it is an axiom that no road is any better than its weakest link. Anderson has been asked to put up \$500 as her share of the fund necessary to eliminate this weak link and to make the whole road a speedway. The Anderson men present at the meeting yesterday pledged the money.

Last year it required half a day to make the trip from Walhalla to Russell's, and a whole day to Highlands. Now the trip to Russell's can be made in an hour and a half by any kind of automobile, and as soon as the weak link is strengthened, a person can leave Anderson in the morning, go to Highlands for dinner and eat supper in Anderson. This is a triumph in road building and is a great thing for Anderson, as there are back in those mountains hundreds of farmers growing truck who will then be able to place it upon Anderson market, whereas it now is wasted.

So much for the business of the transmontane trip. There were about 15 cars in the cavalcade, and the outing for the Anderson and other visitors it was a rare treat, this spin to the top of one mountain and over to the top of another, and then into one of the most beautiful spots in all creation. The valley of which Russell's is the head, is incomparable for loveliness. Flanked on both sides, at possibly the distance of a mile by the scried ranks of fir tipped mountains, soft in that hazy mystery which gives the name ethereal "blue" to this magnificent range, the valley follows the bold Chattooga for several miles, and in its whole extent is one vast field of rustling corn, such as any Anderson county farmer would be proud of.

Russell's is not a town, or yet a country store, but the home of a splendid mountaineer of the name, who is more of a king today in this lofty principality of his than is any crowned head of Europe. The hospitality of this home has been sought so much that it has become necessary for Mr. Russell to enlarge his home to the proportions of an old fashioned English road house, which it resembles in the charm of its whole surroundings and the neatness of its appointments. The spring just in the rear of the house issues a bold stream of water almost icy cold, so cold as to be a phenomenon much remarked upon.

And it is somewhat remarkable that although the party left Walhalla not earlier than 10 o'clock, and stopped a few minutes at Albert Brown's and LINK SEVEN at the summit of Tunnel Hill, yet there was time for the party to take a plunge into the inviting waters of the Chattooga, and many of them availed themselves of the opportunity. And yet the entire party returned to Walhalla in time for dinner, which was served at 1:30.

This dinner was given by the business men of Walhalla, complimentary to the visitors and dinner was dispatched and a number of long speeches made, and yet some of the party left Walhalla on the 3:20 train and missed a portion of one speech.

To attempt to follow all that was said would be impossible, suffice it to say that the spirit of the occasion was one of extreme cordiality among all of the communities represented, and the Blue Ridge railway and its management was given a rousing send off for the splendid work it has inaugurated in putting on a train service which will bring all of the towns into closer communication.

Mayor W. M. Brown of Walhalla, a citizen who takes the lead in progressive work, made a strong address of welcome in which he laid out a policy of friendship for all of the communities, and he called attention briefly to some of the things to be accomplished by building the highway through to Highlands and Cassimere's valley. W. C. Hughes also made a stirring address of welcome and the editor of The Intelligencer was called upon to respond. Then the ows along the line were called upon. Dr. Jas. P. Kinard made a chaste and earnest talk about Anderson and Anderson College which was enthusiastically received. Capt. M. M. Hunter from Pendleton, F. H. Shirley from Westminster, V. L. Norman from Seneca, were among the South Carolina representatives. One of the most interesting talks was by Prof. Harbison of Highlands. After telling what had been done in road building in that section, and what remained to be done, he opened the eyes of the assembled company by stating some facts and statistics of Highlands with reference to the climate and the adaptability of the soil to producing everything conceivable

The Central Figures In Stamford (Conn.) Death Mystery



Photos by American Press Association.

DISCOVERIES that are expected to go far toward clearing up the mystery of the death of Waldo R. Ballou, whose body was found in front of the Rippowam building at Stamford, Conn., have been made by Homer S. Cummings, the state attorney; City Prosecutor Phillips, City Engineer Parsons and Chief of Police Brennan. These men have spent days in the apartment of Mrs. Helen M. Angle, which is on the third floor of the Rippowam building. She is supposed to know just how Ballou, a prominent politician, died. She says he fell downstairs. The illustration shows Chief Brennan, Mrs. Angle, an iron bearing stains and the hat found near Ballou's body crushed in at the top.

for the table. He declared that if Anderson College would make the trade, he could furnish the city of Anderson with cabbage heads enough to get the heads of his girls educated here. He said that there is no end to the variety of vegetables that may be raised and are being raised in Highlands, and that the only drawback has been the lack of means of transportation. Complete this road and Anderson will be shipping market and distribution point for the greatest truck garden east of the "Valley of Gods" in California.

Col. R. T. Jaynes made an eloquent plea for the "Play Ground of America." He declared that in opening the playground to the well to do it would also open the markets of the world to the greatest truck gardens in the world, the valleys and coves of Western North Carolina. Secretary Whaley of Anderson and Col. E. J. Watson, state secretary of agriculture, made addresses. Col. Watson announced that he is now on a trip, making a map of this highway to be sent all over the United States wherever tourist travel is solicited. He congratulated the people of Walhalla upon their wonderful achievement and stressed the remarks of Prof. Harbison as to the fertility of the great plateau of the Highlands.

At the conclusion of the hearty dinner and the speeches, the party dispersed to get better acquainted with Walhalla. Some took a spin to Westminster, a distance of 12 miles, over a splendid road built by Walhalla at a cost of \$4,000. Among other points of interest visited was the 200 acre peach orchard of Jesse Carter. He was in the midst of shipping a carload of Elbertas to New York, to be distributed there at a price of \$5 per crate—but, as Kipling says, that is another story.

The entire party assembled at the Blue Ridge station at 6:30 and caught the last return trip of the gas-electric and at 8 o'clock all were in Anderson declaring it to have been the most pleasant day's outing any party of Anderson people had ever had.

INVITE DONALDS

Question of Annexation Will be Discussed at Greenwood Thursday. Greenwood Journal. At the meeting of the directors of the chamber of commerce this morning a formal invitation was made to the citizens of Donalds to meet the directors here next Thursday morning at 10:20 for the purpose of discussing the question of annexing the Donalds community to Greenwood county. For some time, as was published in the Journal recently, the people of Donalds have been anxious to hold on with the hope of carrying it. election on the annexation proposition Greenwood people generally will be very much interested in this movement and will hope for its success.

Advertisement for B. O. Evans & Co. featuring a cartoon illustration of people wearing straw hats and a list of hats for sale. Text includes: 'HERE'S a clearance sale of all our straw hats. They're all this season's hats and all new styles. It's just our way of keeping this new store's stock new.' List of items: \$4.00 Straws \$2.00, \$3.00 Straws \$1.50, \$2.50 Straws \$1.25, \$2.00 Straws \$1.00, \$1.50 Straws .75, Panamas and Bangkoks are reduced, too. \$7.50 Panamas \$5.00, \$5.00 Panamas \$3.75, \$5.00 Bangkoks \$3.75. Order by Parcel Post. We prepay all charges. B. O. Evans & Co. 'The Store with a Conscience'

were employed on a ranch. They had done no wrong, they had not even fled. The rebels armed, seized them and ranged them against a wall. A woman went to one of Villa's lieutenants. She cried, she implored, she wept, she wrung her hands as she knelt before this bandit. It was the mother of two of these victims. She conjured him to let her have at least one of her boys; then with equal gallantry each of the two brothers offered himself to be sacrificed in order to save the other. Kill me chief, and let my brother go. No, I am the elder, let my brother live. 'Lady, cried Villa's lieutenant to the mother, I think we ought to satisfy the wishes of both your boys; and he gave the order to fire.'

The Anti-Suffrage Rally.

The anti-suffragists, aroused at last by the triumphs, the prevalence and the large hopes of their opponents, are getting ready for a well organized and stoutly fought general campaign. It is time. That is, if it is not too late. The noise, the sensation, the momentum, the conviction to the women, the invitation to sly or cowardly politicians, the habit of victory these ballot petitions have with them.

For the most part men seem to be insolently or amusedly or ignorantly indifferent. They haven't got beyond the position of regarding the whole movement as a scene adapted from "The Princess," an addition to "The Ladies in Parliament," something that somehow is "so like a woman!" a feminine diversion interesting women. What of change of good or evil or both has or is to come to the state and the nation by it they are without the intellectual curiosity, let alone the patriotic anxiety to ponder.

"If the women want it, let 'em have it," a stick of candy for baby; show us anything more insulting or foolish than this attitude of the menfolk. Well, the petticoat press have beamed and stormed, mostly among them who are pros simply from habit, environment, fashion, suggestion. Or are women above the weakness, common among men, of wanting to be on the winning side, of being mightily impressed with brass bands and processions?

Fires Hard on Animals.

Fires are hard on all animals, but the colt seems to suffer much from the pests. A dark stable will make the colt bigger. And if there are one or two light windows to draw the flies, and plenty of sypaper to catch them, the colts will do still better. Good wire screen traps and some sort of evil smelling lure for the flies will be just as good. And why stop with protecting colts? Why not the entire barn premises. Traps are not expensive.

Real Meaning of Leisure. "Leisure," says Doncon W. C. Palmer, "is no time to loaf. It's a time to do those things you've been wanting to do."

TO THE CHAINGANG

Is the Destination Suggested for Liquor Sellers.

Editor The Daily Intelligencer. Permit me to say a few words in regard to your editorial in The Intelligencer of Sunday. The only effective way to stop the sale of liquor is to put the violators of the law on the chain-gang. This is the only way to clean out our city of the dark, suspicious places. What good does it do to fine the blind tiger's \$50 or \$100? They can make up that amount in a few days by returning to their same old business.

In this so-called dry city there is enough booze sold, and money made from same, to clothe and feed all those unfortunate women and children those who have no sense of responsibility, not manhood enough to think and take care a little better of their wives and innocent little children who are in want of daily necessities.

Let us all sympathize with those unfortunate women and children who are waiting in vain for their father to come home sober, the father who should spend his earnings with his beloved ones instead of feeding men that are a curse to any community. Let us sympathize with those men that have formed a partnership with John Barleycorn, a partnership that will eventually lead them to the road of destruction. But let us condemn the men that make a living from blood money, money that should go to the groceryman, butcher and milk man. Let the courts of justice send the violators of the liquor law to the chaingang for a while, let them work our public highways, let them wear those beautiful, shining musical chains for a few months and they will soon lose their appetites for easy money.

I. M. Israelson, Anderson, July 13, 1914.

Mr. Campbell Visiting Here.

LeRoy Campbell, who is one of the best known and most popular of Anderson's younger athletes, is home from Chicago to spend a few weeks with his mother. Mr. Campbell is a student at the University of Chicago and has made a record as the fastest sprinter that "Chi" has ever had. He is receiving a cordial welcome in Anderson from his many friends.

Futurist.

The teacher had just read the myth about Perseus and Medusa. She wished to stimulate the imagination of her youngsters and asked them to describe the hero as they pictured him. One little girl wrote: "Perseus was tall and stately with a black waxy mustache and wore a monolog over his left eye."

Literature. Literature would pay better if there were not so many dead men in the business.—George Randolph Chester.